

Departure (Cont'd)

On my brown surface
Filling my pores with sadness
As my soul erodes
Once more,
I helplessly watch
The flow of your tears.

Myron Rodgers
(c) 1980

Departure

Naked, as my lover

Beside me

The darkness before me

I lie thinking of the hours

That lie ahead

For in a while

I will have to go

The thought of being

Without you, the thought

Of you

And I, being alone

Burdens my mind, leadens

My soul

With memories from where I came

Shivering with cold

I rise for a moment

To shake the deathly feeling

To put mind at ease

I'm fine for a moment

Relief in great degree

Then a tear from your eyelid

Slowly trickles downward

Banking its rivers

tue. 28 oct. '75

WORK PLUES

Blackman,
Working hard all the time
But yet never has enough money
To even spare the bum a dime.

His woman sqwakin "I SPENT EIGHTEEN DOLLARS
TO BUY THE BABY'S SHOES"
It's no wonder
Why he's crying the blues.

Driving all night
And into the day
Only looking foward
To his next week's pay.

But it ain't easy
Ya see
Cause he has to let
His true wants be.

Taking shit on the job
And catching hell at home
Inflames the quiet spirit
Makes a man want to rome.

But that's life
Hustles and hassles
A rocky road
To a dream castle.

6 april 76

FROM COLOR STRUCK
TO COLOR BLIND

Once upon a time
Not so long ago
The woman of my dreams
Was one particular kind
The artificial kind
One would see
In the Ebony magazine

Her statuesque figure
Long and slender
Her fair to light
Shade of skin
Smooth as satin
Her long, straight, black hair
Soft as a kitten's coat
Would often fascinate me
To the point of believing
That she was the ideal woman
The only woman for me.

But oh my
How times have changed
And how I have grown
To accept the fact
That all black woman
Are beautiful
Regardless of the shape of her body
The shade of her skin
The texture of her hair

The ideal woman of my dreams
In the past was only a symbol of rejection
To my own skin color.

12 march 76

I'M HUMAN,
AREN'T YOU TOO?

I'm human, aren't you too?
I feel pain
When i'm hurt deeply
By someone I love
Don't you?

I feel joy when I'm cheered
And made to smile
By someone I love
Don't you?
I'm human, aren't you too?

23 Jan. 76

LOVE CHILD

You were a victim ~~of the~~
Of ~~the~~ circumstances.
You are not to blame.

For the ~~mistake~~
Your ~~father~~ and I
Made that day.

You were a victim
Of the circumstances
A love child disclaimed.

So as you grow older
And reach
Maturity,

Born out of wedlock
Into a world
Filled with greed.

You'll begin to understand
The reasons
Of your insecurity

Only because
Your ~~father~~ and I
Were hungry, in need.

I have no doubt
You will one day
Search,

That is the price
A child like you
Has to pay,

For your long list
Daddy,
In question of your birth.

12 march 76

I'M HUMAN,
AREN'T YOU TOO?

I'm human, aren't you too?
I feel pain
When i'm hurt deeply
By someone I love
Don't you?

I feel joy when I'm cheered
And made to smile
By someone I love
Don't you?
I'm human, aren't you too?

thur. 15 may 30

SOMEONE FOR MY MIND

One missing ingredient,
The one who ties it altogether.
A special charm,
Talent I say
To mesmerize me
For hours ,
For days,
For years,
Bewitched in a trance
Only to be broken
With a wisp
Of a magical wand,
A love trip
My dreams float on.
The high of all highs
Better than Mary J
Wearing a coke-a-cola smile.
Better than the feel of
Barefeet dancing on cloud nine.
Cee I seek a surreal high,
A for real high,
A human high,
A love devine
Someone for my mind.

15 Jan. 80

IT'S NOT MY DREAM

My people
Let's get started.
We have no time to waste.
Our world is in windy chaos.
Our lives
Swirl in it's center
Our souls
Splintered, severed
From it's natural earth
Uprooted in a fashion
Less than respectable
Less than dignified.
In fact I'm horrified
At the history of our treatment
"In the land of the free"
America's invisible theme
A sepulchral dream.
It's not my dream.

The time is now,
To do,
Today,
So there will be a
Tomorrow,
For us , our children
Our young blossoming minds,
Our innocent hearts
Ourselves reborn
Our souls reincarnated
To a higher plane
A step closer to our heaven
On earth,
Infinite oneness.

(over)

(con'td.)

My people,.

Let's get started.

We have no time to waste.

(c) copyright 1980 by Myron Rodgers

YOU'RE NOT A DREAM

No

You're not a dream
Like a sunbird
Soaring through the misty
Hazy maze of my mind
Through clouds of my sub-conscious.
Unexplored searching for the riches
Of a lost past
not living in the present.

No

You're not a dream
Indescribable and delicious
surfacing in the evening of the day
Stroking my forehead as I
Sink through a
Soft pillow
Interlacing time zones
known and unknown.

No

You're not a dream
Invisible to my open br
Brown eyes or
An optical illusion
As I lie on my side
Confused by the surrealism
Of an elysian vision
Distant to the feel of her silk.

No

You're not a dream
For I have touched you
In the dark of night
And have been turned on
By the lightness of your touch

And the depth of your sensuous emotion

I am touched

You are real.

YOUR GARDEN

Your garden . . .
Smells as sweet as the honey
From the bee's hive.

Your garden
Is fresh as the flowers
Young and alive.

Your garden
Potent with herbs for food
Remedy for all needs.

Your garden
Harvest for the earth
Cultivating the new seed.

tue. 11:00 84

I FOUND IT

I love to kiss
I love to love
Kissing while in love
Feeling loved
When kissed
Loving it
Giving love
Wanting to feel the thrill
The joy of really
I mean really
Being in love
Strongly, vulnerably, openly
Honestly, sincerely, truly
In love
Feeling life
It
That's it
That's what it is
Living it
Like there is no tomorrow
For tomorrow
I want to feel life
When I'm with you
The only way to love
For me
Is to feel you
To feel I'm a part of your life
Sharing
Caring
Completeness
Fullfillment
Happiness
To be a man
Loving the only woman in my life
For pleasure
For pain
For peace
From within
At last I found it.

sat. 29 dec. 72

I'M STILL

I'M WAITING (A TRILOGY)¹

I'm getting a little sick
And very tired
Of having my efforts
Go unnoticed.
Not being thought of
By those who daily
Constantly
Cross the paths
Of my mind

I sent my favorite friend
roses, red, pink, and white
For her birthday
Her Christmas
Her New Year's.
I sent her a card,
two to be exact,
Wishing her happiness
On her special day
And to also wish her
Love and peace
For the new year to come.
I'm still waiting
For a call, a card, a message
Of some kind to let me know
That my gift was received
To let me know
That my gift was appreciated.
I'm still from disappointment.
I'm waiting for her call.

2.

I gave her son a gift for Christmas.

She gave me a casual

Lacking in luster

Less than life less

Thank you.

My ego expected more

Maybe a touch from her hand

A squeeze and a hug from her arm

A kiss from her lips.

For you see I still haven't

Cottoned over her.

I miss the times we used to share.

My hopes for affection

Diminished with her silence.

I sighed my last sigh

When the phone rang and I was ignored

Silent

Next

I passed through the door

To my car

For the long ride home.

I'm still from her coldness.

I'm waiting for a warm breeze.

I mailed her a beautiful card
With a quote from Thoreau
A beautiful winter card
With fresh fallen white snow
Blue ice ~~year~~^{Sight} trimming
A naked brown tree
Expressing thoughts of happiness
Cheer for the coming season.
Unanswered phone calls
Time and time again.
I thought I'd get a phone call
A card wishing me
Happy Birthday
Merry Christmas
Happy New Year
Or just a friendly hello.
There was nothing
Maybe I'm selfish, vain,
Expecting too much
For what one thing isn't enough.
I'm still from sacrificing.
I'm still waiting.

SLEEP COMES SOFTLY

After the glow
Of hot passions dim
When breathless bodies sigh
The last sigh of relief
As tremors cease
And all is still
Sleep comes softly.

After the fire
Inside flaming souls
Flicker down
To one lonesome spark
To ash
To dust
Sleep comes softly.

After the warm energy
Has flowed
From the center
Of our curving, twisting spines
To the tip of our heads
When we reached our peak
Sleep comes softly.

After we are transformed
Into two tangled toddlers
Feeling the peace at hand
Swirling in our heads
Drifting on a distant dream
Misty within our mind's eye
Sleep comes softly...

not

to

be

disturbed.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

When I'm alone
Day in
Day out
Safely tucked away
From the fast pace
At peace
With myself
In my own space
Sounds of silence pierce
My soft thoughts
Like the tingling sting
Or taste of a sweet bee's honey
And the thrusting stab
Of the archer's ancient arrow
Hitting its mark
The mind's eye
Visual interludes
Weaving a web of passion
Dancing with desire
Warns my summer chill
As you appear translucent before me
Ghostly in disguise and I'm haunted
Reminded of how loving moments
Pass so swiftly
Like a manchild in a Black urban ghetto
Missing the feeling of what it is like
To be young and taking your time.

love relationships

Myron
Rodgers

The tie that binds
 Ionesome memories never die
 Reliving the deja vu
 An encore of the ultimate experience
 Tripping me back to a period in time
 A day in the life
 Of lovers reveling in their spiritual realm
 Entering eternal passageways to harmony
 Proving once again
 There's substance beyond the impulse.

But you're there, and I'm here
 Sitting in my solitude
 Feeling the strange
 Drabby dampness
 Of emptiness over your absence.
 But even still
 The tie that binds
 Your presence, knotted inside of me
 Just like you belong there, feeling right at home,
 Makes me smile, and I will always smile~
 Despite my dewey eyes
 And sometimes cry
 Despite the joy I feel from your lingering aura
 Mixed with the fragrance of myrrh
 I will always love you.

mon. 26 sept. 83

ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY

She's fly
She flows
From flower to flower
Unassuming in her manner
Sucking the sweet nectar of life
Planting the kiss of life
To the prey who fall
Like autumn amber leaves
In wait of winter's slumber
Into her curving path
Blinded to the vision of the future.
That lies around her bend
So wrapped in her charm
Open to her heart, a heart
Never committing herself to
One.

She's free
She's fly
And they all stand by
Swaying, swooned, and addicted
To her musk
Her touch
Her essence so rare
So pure, so powerful
As any of earth's herbs
She's a natural woman
More beautiful, more dazzling
Than the arch of a setting sun
Cresting the eve of night
As she dreams nocturnal dreams of peaceful tomorrows
And lives for another day to touch the flowers.
She's free
She's fly
Elusive butterfly.

STRANGER

Breathless
My body and my soul
Taken away
Flown like a feather
Touching and glacing
The soft heaven
I feel as if I'm in
As I watch the glow of your peachy skin
The luster of your curly hair
Herr I am wanting
To pick this succulent flower
That simmers my dormant passion
Yes I'd like to take you home
Plant you beside me and water you
With affection as we both grow
Under my window
In the sunshine of
Lasting love
Or have you framed in
Ebony all over my house
For all to see
Actually I'd like you
All over me.
There's a quiet fire
Burning I can just scent
Sweet jasmine oil steaming off your body
Though I'm a distance away
We must be of the same earth
Organic herbs maybe.
I'm desiring you and
I don't even know you.

I wonder who you are

STILL SO LOVED

Still ravishing
Still radiant
Still so loved.

Missed after two long years.
The first to erase the memory
To find out who I am.
The second to gain the confidence
To move my life again.

Tenderly I wanted to kiss the mouth
That once spoke soothing words of cheer
Adding assurance to a dappened confidence.
Tenderly I wanted to kiss the lips
That once pressed lovingly
Upon my skin
Reminding me of the heaven
I'm in.
But tonight,, this night,
After time has healed
Our burning wounds
After time has calmed
The raging storm
Being close was not to be.
But your eyes,
Your beautiful soul eyes
Broke th silence of your unspoken words.
You love me too
I read in your eyes
And you know
After many lovers
Without the love.
After many lonely nights And
And saddened holidays
I can't deny
That you are
Still so loved
Still so loved.

To Savor, The Flavor
Of Your Insides

I have longed to place

My soft lips

Upon

Your moist lips

To savor, the flavor

Of your insides

My craving for you

Has been denied

Only because

You're committed

To another

But commitments

Can be broken

As most always are

So if by chance

Your love is not cherished

And your heart is broken

Remember,

I'm still here

For now, more than ever

I long to place

My soft lips

Upon

Your moist lips

To savor, the flavor

Of your insides

(5) November 1980 By [unclear]

BLIND MAN

His woman
Her sad eyes
Filled with stale tears
Friday night, Saturday, Sunday,
Blue Monday tears
Gone for the weekend
Never knows when or if he's coming back.
She knows where he is.

Her tender arms
Reach to touch him
Stretching her body
Recharging her shakti
Divine energy
To share her love
With her lover, her man
But he's not here

Blind man
Blind to her
Sad eyes
Blind to the nature
Of his woman
Blind to her loneliness
Too busy running
With the others
Adding on the numbers
Fuel for the fire
For the games that are played.
Quantity over quality
Appeases his ego
Saps his soul
The prize, the package deal
Sits at home right before his very eyes
Patiently losing her patience
Growing tired of the tension
Angry with the lies, deception
Sick of the jive
Hurt, and going down slowly
Drowning in neglect.

(over)

Brother, be for real
She's human too
Your beautiful black queen for everyday.
You'll reap what you sow
For no one waits forever.
Times moves on
Brother man, blind man
To the nature of his woman
Blind, until she's gone
Then he opens his eyes
And he doesn't see her anymore.

1
Mama's in the welfare house, pill house
mental ward house, can't get home cause she lost the key

Sisters in the prostitution house, womens correctional house
used to be in the school house, college house, now she's in a life
house in Texas as in Dallas, or a little house on the prairie

The signs of the times are right here and now

The signs of the times, the signs, the signs

Seasons run into seasons

Fathers against sons

Mothers against daughters

and in the end, and in the end

men will be looking like women

women looking like men

family

Myron Rodgers

5 may 84

QUIET FIRE

quiet fire
positive energy
burning brightly
illuminating light
through the channels of her being
in touch with herself
in tune with nature
sharing her gifts of creativity
that GOD has given.
mother, daughter, woman
of the world
enkindled with earth's essence
a product of her environment
growing all the while, quiet fire.
flaming soul
graceful glow
feeling
one for all
giving her all
and never asking for a thing.

sat. 12 may 84

EVERY OTHER THING

9:30 a.m.

The first, second, third, fourth, and every Sunday morning
Church school, singing praises to the Lord in the morning
Thanking God for being here for one more day.

Roots, going back to childhood beginnings
When the growth of a man began
Observing, feeling the metamorphosis,
The evolution of a human being, my own being
And not once did the roots die
Preserved through a lifetime like an eternal soul.

Love in NORTH CAROLINA
Shirley sweet Shirley on the 4th of July
A lover's holiday.
I met my first real dream
And when I awakened the loneliness began
The ups and downs
Of a soul in search of
Many directions but not much time to choose.

College days, hey days
An up and down rollercoaster
Fights and lows
The day Pooh Bear touched my life
The prettiest brown bear I ever hugged and squeezed
And even though she's gone I still hug the most beautiful thing
To ever happen to me.

How could I forget the Friday drives
Down I-95 West Haven
My heaven for the weekend
I thought thought would be a lifetime.
What a high
What a natural feel
Better than the stuff me, and T
And Stan The Man would do with the rest of the gang
Feeling we were men
Growing up fast and sneaking good times
Mama's and Daddy's back.

Pooh Bear
It all goes back to you
For when I found this cuddly bear
I found the love inside of me
And every other thing.

1 July 1964

CHARTEL

She dances
Tapping toes as she walks
Singing a soft song
Tapping the old soft tone
So much energy
The child takes charge
She'll ride the whole night long
Mama's little helper
Grandma's pride and joy
Daddy's little girl
So young
So sensitive
So easily hurt
She'll cry, but speak her mind
To let the world know
"I'm people too and I get my moods"
For when she smiles
She lights up the stage
For miles and miles
Deep down inside
Her mother beams with pride
"Oh yes she's my child"
An act of love and love
Love and life
Love of life
So full of life
Soothing to the soul
Working the heart
Making things well
She's so well
The little love, CHARTEL

thurs. 24 May 79

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

They are not to be forgotten,
The real things in life.
They are what fantasies, dreams,
and ~~fantasies~~ reality
are made of.

Our women

Our children

Life's precious and rare jewels

They are what we're living for

They crave for our love

To be given

They have of their efforts

Gone unnoticed.

So be kind to our women,

Our children

They crave for our love

Life's rare and precious jewels

The real things in life.

They are not to be forgotten.

Conscience

Raising

Myron
Rodgers

sun. 3 may 81

MALCOLM,
IS THERE ANYONE HERE?

You were blessed.
A chosen prince of peace.
You've led
A lost people in this jungle,
America,
To the borders of a new awareness.
We've tasted, we've touched
Your dreams of unity
Deferred like others
A victim of a hit man's bullet
Not to be realized
But to be replaced
By nightmarish confusion.

A super sensitive man
Holding the key in your steady hand
16 + the whole world surrounded you
Secrets revealed through meditation
In the holy land.
From the cool back woods
Of The Great Lake State
To the hot turbulent streets
Of Harlem place.
From a seven year term
In a jail cell hell
To a new found dignity,
A self-made man prevailed.
From a Chi-town Muslim Mosque
To the spiritual awakening pilgrimage of Mecca
You've searched for truth.
You found yourself.

2.

Across America, to Europe
East to Asia and Africa
You set upon a journey
To free the minds
Of your brothers and sisters
From the wishy washy
Bullshit of the
Manipulative man
That stank of foul breath
Echoing to a diminished whisper
Countless "I'll do for you"
That never came true.
Along with buried dreams
Broken promises.

Hoisted upon your shoulders of strength
Hopes of hundreds.
Underlying your brown skin
Undenying determination
To weather the storm of threats
Upon you and your family.
But Malcolm, the superman
The ^{sensitive} ~~human~~ man
Silenced by the frightened man
Bled to death on a stage
Where the world was about to listen
To the universal message.

My heart bleeds
For you are no longer here.
Is there anyone else
Who dare's to meet the challenge?
Anyone here
To meet the call for sacrifice?
Anyone here
To grip the pain of suffering?
Anyone here
Equipped for the struggle?
Anyone here
Wanting, willing
To face his soul?
Malcolm did.
Now Malcolm's dead.